## Some Friday Bargains in Men's Wear.

Rare thing even at Christmas time to see such crowds in the men's section as have been there during the last week or ten days. Bargains spelled with a big B have been the attraction.

Think of Negligee Shirts for 750., that sold for \$1.25 and \$1.50. Mostly Madras, but some of a fine Check Muslin, in tan colors. Plain or pleated bosoms.

Underwear for 50c, that never sold for less than \$1.00. French Lisle, Japanese Silk and

Open Mesh. Broken sizes and limited quantities.

Leather Belts for 250. Splendid values some of them have been 50c.

A good 100 Handkerchief for 80. with a pretty colored border.

Fancy Half Hose for 121-20, reduced from 25c.

\$1.50 Bed Spreads, \$1.00.

\$1 and \$1.10 Bed Spreads, 75c.

Full double-bed size Crocheted Spreads, a little soiled, which doesn't

## The Curtain Section Offers Especially Good Opportunities To-day.

White Muslin Curtains, 3 yards long, with colored borders, for 75c

\$1.19, \$1.25 and \$1.50 were the prices before the clearing out sale started. Madras Portleres, with Silk and Cotton Mixture cross stripes of Pink. Blue, Green and Red, for \$1.50, reduced from \$2.00.

Fibre Portieres, 3 yards long and 50 inches wide, nicely fringed, \$2.25, re-



## Social and Personal

Miss Harriotte Lee Taliaferro, a member of the well-known Gloucester family of that name, and the daughter of the gallant Major Thomas S. Tallaferro, salled from Liverpool, Wednesday, July 15th, on the Westernland, returning from six years spent abroad, in the study of art, Very soon after her arrival Miss Taliaferro expects to visit Virginia and her many relatives and friends in this city as well as in Gloucester. The six years which have passed since Miss Taliaferro railed from New York have been spent under the best art masters of Europe, the last under Monsleur Simon, of Paris, a famous instructor. Miss Taliaferro's class included a Russian, a Norwegian, a Swiss, a German, a Briton and an American, six natioalities being represented. Monsleur Simon rates Miss Taliaferro's work very high. She exhibited a picture in the annual salon of the "Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts" and received many favorable notices in the Paris papers. All French critics have assumed in referring to Miss Taliaferro's work that it has been done by a man and one of them said: "Monsleur Taliaferro displays a sure hand, which promises a bright future."

Mrs. Lou R. Bergheimer, of this city.

bright future."

Mrs. Lou R. Bergheimer, of this city, and Mr. George W. Rae, of El Paso, Texas, were married in Baltimore by the Rev, J. F. Heisse on July 2d. They have just arrived in Richmond after a visit to the Shrine Council at Saratoga.

Mr. Rae is a former Richmonder, who left here in 1853 for Texas, where he studied law and has made a reputation as an able lawyer and politician. His bride is a daughter of Mr. Daniel O'Donnell. Mr. Rae, during his stay in Richmond, will meet many of his old boy-nood friends, who will be glad to learn of his prosperity. He will leave with his bride for the Pacifi coast some time next week and will get back to Texas inbut September 1st.

Miss Louise Whitfield, the daughter of

Miss Louise Whitfield, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Whitfield, and Mr. Henry G. Goodman, associated in business with the firm of Strause Brothers Co., were quietly married vesterday morning in the home of the bride's parents, No. Bi7 West Clay Street. After a week's sojourn in the North, Mr. and Mrs. Goodman will be at home on South Third Street.

The Washington Post of yesterday says: A very quiet wedding took place at St. Matthew's rectory last evening, the contracting parties being Miss Helen Richmond Joyce, of this city, and Mr. H. Arthur, of Virginia. The bride looked charming in a traveling gown of white linen and carried valley lilies. Her sister, Miss Louise Joyce, was her attendant. Only the immediate family were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. James Davenport Bierling, Miss Joyce is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse B. Wilson, of this city.

The merry camping party who have been enloying themselves with their hos and been called the said and the said seems of the said seems of

. . .

An event in which society is largely interested is the moonlight hop to be given this evening near "Fanacea Lithia Spring."

micrested is the moonlight hop to be given this evening near "Fanacea Lithia Spring."

The hop will be chaperoned by Mrs. M. E. Hardy, Mrs. George Gibson, Mrs. M. E. Edmunds, Mrs. L. T. Wallace and Mrs. A. B. Finch.

The Society for the Restoration of Historic Alexandria, recently organized will mark, restore and preserve places of historic interest in Alexandria, particularly the Carlyle House; encourage historical research in relation to the city of Alexandria, and celebrate, as in times past, the hirthday of George Washington. The Carlyle House has been selected as the first object of interst to preery. This is not only an Alexandria landmark, but a building of natural interest. The object is to secure permanent possession of this historic structure, to remove the dilapidated hotel which now surrounds it, and to restore the grounds to their original beauty. It is also the intention of the society in time to take charge of, preserve, restore or suitably mark the other places of interest in Alexandria made famous by the frequent presence of George Washington.

#### Personal Mention.

Admiral and Mrs. Harrie Webster will leave to-day for a two-weeks' visit to "Sardy Spring." Cumberland county, Md. Mrs. Thomas L. Moore is spending the summer at "Sandy Spring." which is in a delightful part of the State of Maryland offering much prospective enjoyment to visitors.

visitors.

Mrs. Shields and Miss Grace Shields who have been spending some weeks at the Princess Anne Hotel, Virginia Beach, are now traveling north.

lessen their wearing value any. 75c and 85c China Jardinieres 50c.

The cleaning up of a lot of pret-ty decorated China Jardinieres that are worth just as much now as they were two months ago, but they're among the odds and ends

Miller Rhoads

Miss Mary Johnston, the authoress, has left for a visit to Buchanan and the Hot Springs. Mrs. Emma Harris, of the Richmond College, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sallie B. Williams, in Charlottesville, Va.

Miss Lizzie Brander, who has been at Virginia Beach, is now being entertained by the Misses Booker, at Buckroe Beach,

Mr. John B. Lightfoot, of this city, is a member of the floor committee for a Tuesday dancing class, which has just been organized at Fry's Spring Park, near Charlottesville. The class will be held every Tuesday afternoon during the summer and will close with a morning german and fa-vors.

. . . Miss Lydia Clopton, of Hanover county, is visiting friends in Richmond for a few days.

Miss Delilah Clopton, of Old Church, Va., has gone to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. C. R. Saunderson, of Cumberland county, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac will not spend August at Atlantic City. They will probably return home and then go to the Virginia mountains.

Misses Edna and Bessle Lyle, of Radford, Va., who are the guests of their uncle, Mr. C. M. Lyle, on Grove Avenue, were given a hayride to Lakeside Park Wednesday evening, Mrs. William Lyle and D. Saunders Carter chaperoned the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Blair and family are summering at Bon Air.

Friends of Mrs. Thomas S. Atkins will be glad to hear that she was able to leave the Virginia Hospital and return to her home yesterday.

Miss Bettie Buffom, who visited Miss Maude Morgan in the spring, will be the hostess of a cettage party at her summer home off the Maine coast this season. Several of the young people of Richmond are invited to visit Miss Buffom.

Miss Martha Mosby Snead is spending the summer at her home near Palmyra, Va.

Mrs. Legh R. Page and Miss Gabriella Page are spending the summer with relatives in Connecticut.

Mrs. Charles U. Williams and her family are summering at Mrs. Williams' country home, "Strawberry Hill," near Rich-. . .

Mrs. Alfred Gray and Miss Sue Gray will visit Atlantic City during the season . . .

Miss Janet C. Morris went to Boston to attend the National Education Asso-claion,

Miss Alice Parker, who is at Harvard for the summer, will interest herself in post-graduate work at that institution. Mrs. Ernest L. Bolling will spend a

part of the summer with tives at Louisa, Va.

Mrs. W. S. Gooch and family will visit Mrs. Stapleton Gooch, in Louisa, during the summer.

Mrs. Charles Pickett Stokes and Miss Allen Stokes are spending a delightful summer in England.

Miss Lucile Savage Alvey will return home this afternoon from Asheville. N. C. where she has been visiting her auri, Mrs. Richard Alvey, for the past two months. Miss Alvey will leave Saturday, accompanded by her father, Edward Al-vey, for Crozet, to join her family.

Miss Margaret Crenshaw, of Bon Air, has been called to Philadelphia by the illness of one of the children of her sister, Mrs. Hestor.

Mrs. Rice, of Chester, Vs. is visiting her sister, Mrs. Coleman, at No. 110 Capi-tol Street, who is sick.

## Seaboard Earnings.

The following is a comparative statement of the approximate earnings of the Seaboard Air Line for the first week in Seaboard Air Line for the first week in July: Week ending July 8, 1903, \$249,130; 1992, \$239,069; increase, \$19,031.

## Got Five Years.

W. D. Jenkins (colored) was given five years in the penitentiary in the Hustings Court yesterday for mallclously cutting Louisa Jefferson, Walter White was sent to july for twelve months and fined one cent for housebreaking.

### Dr. French Here.

Mrs. Shields and Miss Grace Shields who have been spending some weeks at the Princes Anne Hotel, Virginia Beach, the Princes Anne Hotel, Virginia Beach, the new traveling north.

Major J. W. Johnston, the father of North Eeventh Street.

## THE TWO VANREVELS

By BOOTH TARKINGTON. Copyright by McClure, Philips & Co.

CHAPTER XI.-(Continued).

He paused, picked up the flask, and again applied himself to its contents, his special applied nimself to lis contents, as oyes peering over the up-tilted vessel at Tom, who continued to pace up and down the length of the office. After a time Cralley, fumbling in his coat, found a long theroot, and as he lit it, inquired cas-

ually:
"Do you remember if she addressed

ually:
"Do you remember if she addressed you by name?"
"It think not," Tom answered, halting. "What does it matter?"
Crafley drew a deep breath. "It doesn't," he returned.
"She knew me well enough," said Tom, sadly, as he resumed his sentry-go. "Yes," repeated Crailey, deliberately. "So it seems; so it seems." He blew a long stream of smoke out into the air before him, and softly murmured again: "So it seems; to it seems."
Silence fell, broken only by the sound of Tom's footsteps, until presently some one informally shouled his name from the street below. It was only Will Cumings, passing the time of day, but when Tom turned from the window after answering him, Crailey, his poem and his flask were gone.
That evening Vanrevel sat in the dusty effice, driving himself to his work with the street bedy there was a face that we have the street for the wear as face that we have the street for the wear as face that we have the street for the wear as face that we have the street for the wear as face that we have the street for the street wear for the street was face that the street wear for the street wear for the street wear for the street wear for the street was face the street was face the street wear for the street was face the str

swering him, Crailey, ms poem and his kere gone.
That evening Vanrevel sat in the dusty effice, driving himself to his work with a sharp goad, for there was a face that came between him and all else in the world, and a voice that sounded always in his ears. But the work was done before he rose from his chair, though he showed a haggard visage as he bent above his candles to blow them out.

It was 11 o'clock; Cralley had not come back, and Tom knew that his light-hearted friend would not return for many hours; and so, having no mind to read, and no belief that he could if he tried, he went out to walk the streets. He went down to the river first, and stood for a little while gazing at the ruins of the two warehouses, and that was like a man with a headache beating his skull against a wall. As he stood on the blackened wharf he saw how the charred beams rose above him against the sky like a gallows, and it seemed to him nothing could have been a better symbol, for there he had hanged his self-respect. "Reproach her!" Ho, who had so displayed his imbeditty before her. Had he been her father's best friend, he should have had too great a sense of shame to dare to speak to he after that night, when her quiet intelligence had exhibited him to himself and to all the world as naught else than a fool—and a noisy one at that!

Suddenly a shudder convulsed him. He struck his open palms across his forehead and spoke aloud, while from horizon to herizon the night air grew thick with the whispered laughter of observing hobgoolins:

"And even if there had been no stairway, we could have slid down the hose

line!"

He retraced his steps, a tall, gray figure, moving slowly through the blue drakness, and his lips formed the heart-sick shadow of a smile when he found that he had unconsclously turned into Carewe Street. Presently he came to a gap in a hedge, through which he had sometimes stolen to hear the sound of a harp and a girl's voice singing; but he did not enter there to-night, though he paused a moment, his head bowed on his breast.

There came a sound of voices: they

breast.

There came a sound of volces; they seemed to be moving toward the hedge, toward the gap where he stood—one a man's, eager, quick, but very musical; the other, a girl's, a rich and clear contralto, that passed into Tom's soul like a psalm of rejoicing and like a scimitar of flame. He shivered and moved away quickly, but not before the man's voice, somewhat louder for the moment, came distinctly from the other side of the hedge:

hedge:
"After all," said the voice, with a ripple

hedge:
"After all," said the voice, with a ripple of laughter, "after all, wern't you a little hard on that poor Mr. Gray?"
Tom did not understand, but he knew the voice. It was that of Crailey Gray. He heard the same voice again that night, and again stood unseen. Long after midnight he was still tramping the streets on his lonely rounds, when he chanced to pass the Rouen House, which hostelry bore, to the uninitiated eye, the appearance of having closed list, doors upon all hospitallities for the night, in strict compliance with the law of the city fathers, yet a slender wand of bright light might be discovered underneath the street door to the bar-room.

From within the merry retreat issued an uproar of shouting, raucous laughter

and the pounding of glasses on tables, heraloing all too plainly the hypocrisy heraloing all too plainly the hypocrisy of the landlord, and possibly that of the city fathers also. Tom knew what company was gathered there; gamblers, truckmen, drunken farmers, men from the river steamers, making riot while their boats lay at the wharf, with a motiev gathering of good-for-nothings of the back-alleys, and tippling clerks from the Main Street stores. There came loud cries for a sons, and, in answer, the voice of Crailey rose over the genial din, somewhat hoarse, and never so musical, when he sang as when he spote, stilled a disreputable company.

'I sent thee late a rosy wreath, Not so much honoring thee, as giving it the hope that there It might not withered be."

Perhaps just then, Vanrevel would have wished to hear him sing anything in the world rather than that, for on Crafley's lips it carried too much mean-ing to-night, after the voice in the gar-

in the world rather than that, for on Cralley's lips it carried too much meaning to-night, after the voice in the garden. And Tom lingered no more near the betraying silver of light beneath the door that he had by the gap in the hedge, but went steadily on his way.

Not far from the hotel he passed a small building brightly lighted, and echoling with unusual clamors of industry; the office of the Rouen Journal. The press was going, and Mr. Cumming's thin figure crossed and recrossed the windows, while his voice could be heard energetically bidding his assistants to 'Look alive!' so that Tom imagined that something might have happened between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande; but he did not stop to ask the journalist, for he desired to belold the face of none of his friends until he had fought out some things within himself. So he strode on toward nowhere.

Day was breaking when Mr. Gray climbed the stairs to his room. There were two flights, the ascent of the first of which occupied about half an hour of Cralley's invaluable time; and the second might have taken more of it, or possibly consumed the greater part of the morning, had he received no assistance. But, as he reclined to meditate upon the first landing, another man entered the hallway from without, ascended quickly, and Cralley became pleasantly conscious that two strong hands had lifted him to his feet; and presently, that he was being horne aloft upon the newcomer's back. It seemed quite a journey, yet the motion was ssoothing, so he made no effort to open his eyes until he found himself gently deposited upon the newcomer's back. It seemed quite a journey, yet the motion was soothing, so he made no effort to open his eyes until he found himself gently deposited upon the couch in his own chamber, when he smiled amtably, and, looking up, discowered his partner standing over him.

Tom was very pale, and there were deep violet scrawls beneath his eyes. For once in his life he had come home later than Crailey.

"First time, you know," said Crailey, wit

completely incapable. Often needed guidling hand, but never—quite—before."
"Yes," said Tom, quietly, "it is the first
time I ever saw you quite finished."
"Think I must be growing old and constitution refuses hear it. Disgraceful to
be seen in condition, yet celebration justified. Hrah for the news!" He waved
his hand wildly, "Old red, white and
blue! American eagle now kindly proceed
to scream! Star spangled banner intends
streaming to all the trade winds! Soa to
ceal Glorious victories on political thieving exhibition—no, expedition! Everybedy not responsible for the trouble to
go and get himself patriotically killed!"
"What do you mean?"
"Water!" said the other, feebly. Tom
brought the pitcher, and Cralley, setting
his hot lips to it, drank long and deeply;
then, with his friend's assistance, he tied
a heavily moistened towel around his
head. "All right very soen and sober
again," he mutitered, and lay back upon
the pillow with eyes tightly closed in an
intense effort to concentrate his will.
When he opened them again, four or five
minutes later, they had marvelously
cleared, and his look was self-contained
and sane.
"Haven't you heard the news?" He

"Haven't you heard the news?" He spoke much more easily now. "It came at midnight to the Journal."
"No; I've been walking in the country."
"The Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande on the 26th of last month, captured Captain Thornton and murdered Colonel Crook. That means war is certain."
"It has been certain for a long time," said Tom. "Polk has forced it from the first."
"Then it's a devil of a pity he can't be the only man to die!"
"Have they called for volunteers?" asked Tom, going toward the door.
"No; but if the news is true, they will."
"Yes," said Tom, and as he reached the hallway he paused; "can I help you to undress?"
"Certainly not!" Cralley set up Indig-

hallway he paused; "can I help you to undress?"

"Certainly not!" Cralley set up indignantly. "Can't you see that I am perfectly sober? It was the merest temporary fit, and I've shaken it off. Don't you see?" He got upon his feet, staggered, but shook himself like a dog coming out of the water, and came to the door with infirm stope.

"You're going to bed, aren't you?" asked Tom. "You'd much better."

"No." answered Cralley "Are you?"

"No." answered Cralley "Are you?"

"You've been up all night, too, haven't you?" Cralley put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Were you hunting for me?"

"No." To lear witch!"

or me?"
"No: not last night."
Cralley lurched suddenly, and Tom
caught him about the walst to steady

caught him about the waist to steady him.

"Sweethearting, tippling, vingt-et-un, or poker, ch. Tom?" he shouted, thickly, with a wild laugh. "Ha, ha, old smugface, up to my bad tricks at last!" But, recovering himself immediately, he pushed the other off at arm's length, and slapped himself smartly on the brow. "Never mind; all right, all right—only a bad wave, now and then. A walk will make me more a man than ever."

"You'd much better go to bed, Cralley."
"I can't. I'm going to change my clothes and go out."

"Why?"

Cralley did not answer, but at that

"Why?"
Crafley did not answer, but at that moment the Catholic church bell, summoning the faithful to mass, pealed loudly on the morning air; and the steady glance of Tom Vanrevel rested upon the reckless eyes of the man beside him as they listened together to its insistent call. Tom said, gently, almost timidly:
"You have an-engagement?"
This time the answer came briskly. "Yes; I promised to take Fanchon to the cemetery before breakfast, to place some flowers on the grave of the little brother who died. This happens to be his birthday."

his birthday."

It was Tom who averted his eyes, not Crailey,
"Then you'd best hurry," he said, hesitatingly; "I mustn't keep you." and went down stairs to his office with flushed checks, a hanging head, and an you'd best hurry." he said, hesi; "I mustn't keep you." and
own stairs to his office with
checks a hanging head, and an
ion which would have led a
r to believe that he had just

which was why the window-ledge was dusted the next morning.

The glass doors of the little cerner drugsiore caught the early sun of the hot May morning, and became like sheets of polished brass; a farmer's wason rattled down the dusty street; a group of Irish waitresses from the hotel made the board walk rattle under their hurried steps as they went toward the church, talking busily to one another; and a blinking youth in his shirtsleeves, who wore the air of one newly, but not gladly, risen, began to struggle mournfully with the shutters of Madrillon's bank. A moment later. Tom heard Crailey come down the stairs, sure of foot and humming lightly to himself. The door of the office was closed; Crailey did not look in, but presently appeared, smilling, trim, immaculate, all in white linen, on the opposite side of the street, and offered badinage to the boy who toiled at the shutters. The bell had almost ceased to ring when a lady dreaed plainly in black, but graceful and tall, came rapidly out of Carewe Street, turned at the corner by the little drugstore, and went toward the church. The hoy was left staring, for Crailey's banter broke off in the middle of a word.

He overtook her on the church steps,

rd.

ook her on the church steps, cent in together.

rnoon Fanchon Bareaud told heautiful her betrothed had it he had brought her a great pletes and lilles of the valley ken her to the cemetery to on the grave of her baby lose birthday it was. Tears nethon's eyes as she spoke of goodness, and of how wonhad talked as they stood beleg grave. grave. only one who remember-

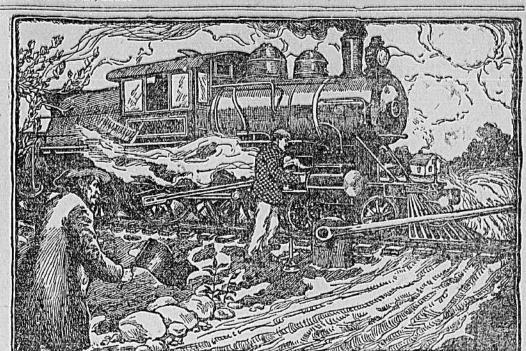
id and sobbed. "He came akfast and asked me to go him." vas poor tiny Jean's birth-id and sobbed. "He came (To be Continued To-morrow.)

### Sunday-School Institute.

found himself gently deposited upon the couch in his own chamber, when he smiled amiably, and, looking up, discovered his partner standing over him.

Tom was very pale, and there were deep violet scrawls beneath his eyes. For once in his life he had come home later than Crailey,

"First time, you know," said Crailey, with difficulty, "You'll admit first time has been requested to send delegates.



Thomas Huxley it was, who described the brain as a perfect logic engine, workshing without friction, without fret and without fear, with the strain equally divided. "The question then becomes," says Dr. Pierce, "how to run this engine and the strain of overwork without blowing up the boiler, without accident, and without sending the locomotive to the repair shop. An ignorant man cannot run au engine i neither can an aman over-work his brain unless he observes certain laws of health without meeting with some disaster." If the engine is properly oiled and cared for it will last a great many years, and in the same way if the human mechanism is properly looked after it will last the faillotted three score and ten years. As civilization progresses, the draft on the brain and nerves increases, but no colled Medical Discovery. For over a brain or work. Hard work confined to shop or office, without the invigorating air and sunshine becomes 'the pace that kills', the muscles and flesh become flashby and the blood watery. The human system was an an an underson of the constant manufacture of rich, red blood. Success and courage depend upon the blood and the blood depends upon the stomach, for the stomach, when healthy, takes up from the food we eat the element required for the blood depends upon the stomach, for the stomach, when healthy, takes up from the food depends upon the stomach cannot assimilate the food taken up, then the blood and the nerves starve for the proper nourishment they required for the blood and the nerves starve for the proper nourishment they required for the blood and the nerves starve for the proper nourishment they required for the blood and the nerves starve for the proper nourishment they required for the blood and the nerves starve for the proper nourishment they required for the blood and the nerves starve for the proper nourishment they required for the blood and the blood depends upon the stomach cannot assimilate the food taken upon the stomach cannot assimilate the food taken upon the sto Thomas Huxley it was, who described 

"Remember this, that our bodies will Co., N. Y. "One year ago last Decem

## Chestnut Hill and Highland Park

Miss Eille Noel, of Bon Air, is the guest of her friend, Mrs. Charles L. Eubank of Second Avenue.

Miss Mary Foard, of Clifton Forge, is visiting Misses Eilla and Louise Rennie, of Fourth Avenue and Juniper Street.

Mr. Louis Shafer, of Third Avenue, is quite sick with fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Shelton, of Highland Park, left Menday, for Alberthichand Park left Menday, for Alberthichand Park left Menday, for Alberthichand.

nle, of Fourth Avenue and Juniper Street.

Mr. Louis Shafer, of Third Avenue, is quite sick with fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Shelton, of Highland Park, left Monday for Albemarie county, to visit their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin G. Shelton,

Mrs. Andrew Bragg, of Richmond, was the guest last Tuesday of Mrs. Richard Sale, of Third Avenue and Willow Street.

Mrs. William Callin is quite sick at the residence of her son, Mr. Benjamin Catlin, of Fourth Avenue,

Miss Annie Powell, of Church Hill, is visiting the Misses Gresham, of Highland Park.

Miss Ida Jerome, of New York, has been visiting Miss Myrtle Redford and Mrs. Charles Eubank, of Second Avenue,

Mrs. William Cole, of Third Avenue,

Mrs. William Cole, of Third Avenue,

Mrs. Charles Eubank, of Second Avenue,
Mrs. William Cole, of Third Avenue,
who has for several weeks past been
quite sick, is somewhat improved.
Miss Ivy Beale, of Church Hill, has
been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Richard Sale,
of Third Avenue.
Miss Bessie Clark, of Shirley, Va., has
been the grate Harton Heights.
Miss Bessie Clark, of Shirley, Va., has
been the grate Harton Heights.
Miss Mary Ryland, of Barton Heights,
has returned to her home, after a pleasant visit to friends in Chesterfield county.
Much interest is manifested in the annual Sunday-school picnic, to be conducted by the Church of Epiphany, Barton Heights, to-day (Friday), by special
train to West Polnt. Ascension Chapel of
Highland Park will also swell the crowd
with its members and friends. A delightful day is anticipated.
Miss Lelia Wingfield, of Highland
Park, is visiting relatives in Ashland,
Va.
Mrs. Vameleria, of Fourth Avenue,
who has been quite sick, is slowly Improving.
Miss West, of Richmond, has been the

oving.

Miss West, of Richmond, has been the nest of her sister, Mrs. Henshaw, of ourth Avenue, Chestnut Hill.

Miss Katherine Watkins, who has been siting her friend, Miss Emma Justice, Powhatan county, has returned to her sidence, on Third Avenue.

Miss Ruth Reinite, of Fourth Avenue, it. Wednesday to visit relatives in left Wednesday to visit relatives in Amelia county.
Miss Maude Livesay, of Richmond, has returned to her home, after visiting relatives on the "Hill."
Miss Belle Powell, who has been quite sick at her residence on Third Avenue, is slowly improving.
Mr. Clayton Bowman has returned home, after a pleasant visit to Charlottes-ville, Va.

## Fairmount Nows

Mrs. J. Lonnie Mitchell, who has been pending some time with friends in New rt News, has returned home after a

port News, has returned nome after a very pleasant visit.

Miss Mrytte Miffleton is reported as getting on very nicely, and was able to be up and about her room yesterday.

Mrs. Edward Perdue and children, Florence and Lillian, and her sister, Miss Nannie Bulluck, left a few days ago tist their mother, Mrs. Bulluck, in Caroline county, to be gone several weeks.

Mrs. Lelia Garnier, of the West End, visited her nicee, Mrs. Lelia Lilveary, this week.

Mrs. Lelia Garmer, or the visited her niece, Mrs. Lelia Livesay, this week.

Little Willie Stonnell, of Baltimore, who with his mother is visiting his grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Haynes, on Twentieth Street, is now quite sick again.

Mr. A. N. Calhoun, of Nottoway county, who has been spending some time with his daughter. Mrs. Mary Miller, on Twentieth Street, is now visiting his daughter. Mrs. Gilliam Laneave, at Crewe, Va. Mrs. Kenny, who has been very much indisposed at the residence of her daughter. Mrs. Henry Garnett, on Twenty-third Street, is now much improved. Mrs. Charles Loving and children were the guests of their uncle. Mr. William Childress, on the Turnpike during the first of the week.

Rev. J. O. Babcock, who has been very much indisposed for several days. was able to be out on the streets yesterday.

Master John Thomas is in Washington viciling his neut, Mrs. John Tiffaney.

Captah and Mrs. W. C. Thomas and family, of No. 2217 Fairmount Avenue, will leave Saturday for a ten days' trip

to Washington, D. C., where they will be the guests of Mrs. John Tiffaney. Be-fore returning home they will also visit relatives at Louisa Courthouse and at Buckners, Va. Master John Thomas, who has been in Washington for the past two weeks, will return home with his parents.

two weeks, will recurrent none with misparents.
Joshua Clements and wife, of Richmond, have moved to Fairmount,
Mrs. B. H. Thompson and Mrs. Nettle
Newberry left Tuesday for Buckroe
Beach, where they will spend several
weeks enjoying the bracing air.
Mrs. W. R. Jones, of Montross, visited
her sister, Mrs. Walter Beadles, on Twenty-second Street, a few days ago.
Miss Jennie Thompson, of No. 1809 Fairmount Avenue, is in Maryland, visiting
relatives and friends.
Mrs. Edward Higginbotham will leave
Thursday for Amberst county, her old

Mrs. Edward Higginbotham will leave Thursday for Amherst county her old home, where she will spend two months. Mrs. Froy. of Baltimore, who has been the guest of her brother, Mr. Oswald Knight, on Twenticth Street, is now visiting relatives in the West End.

Mrs. Raymond Pierce and Mrs. Ernest Hechler are visiting their sister, Mrs. Julia Leadbetter, In Hanover county. Mrs. Edward Oxenham, who has been so very ill for some time, is reported as being some better.

The Misses Points, of Huntington, W. Wa, who have been visiting friends in Washington, are now the guests of Mrs. William Woody, at No. 123 Twenty-second Street.

nd Street.
Mrs. Joseph Smith, of No. 1312 Twentyetond Street, is visiting her friend, Mrs.
ohn Wilt, in Petersburg, Va.
Little Misses Ethel Smithers and Olive
laytor are with their aunt, Mrs. J. W.

E. R. McDowell is very much indis-at his home on Twenty-second treet.
Mrs. Thomas Morris, who is in Newport
fews, will return in about two weeks,
nd after a stay of a few days here will
save for the mountains, where she will
pend the remainder of the summer.

## Barton Heights.

Misses Lelia, Lorretta and Evans Day son have left for a visit to friends a Lexington and Natural Bridge. The Overbrook Presbyterian Church will

give a lawn party on the church lawn Tuesday evening, July 21st, from 8 to 11 clock for the benefit of the church. Miss Mary Ryland, who has been spend-ng some time in Chesterfield, has re-urised home.

ng some time in Chesterneid, has rejuried home.

Airs, J. J. Harvey will leave this week
for Elizabeth City, N. J., to visit her
laughter, Mrs. Blakeley,
Mr. J. P. Haupt has left for Tennessee
and Georgia.

Miss Sue Haupt will leave this week
for Philadelphia to spend the summer.

Mr. Percy Chisholm will leave in a few
lays for Frederleksburg to visit relatives.

Mr. Chamberlain and family, of Brockand Park, will move soon to Barton
Heights.

leights. Miss Gladys Madison, of Hanover, is isting Mrs. Briel. Miss Grace Duval, who has been visit-ug Miss Mollie Duval, has left for Ches-

Miss Grace Duval, who has been visiting Miss Molile Duval, has left for Chesterfeld.

Miss Marie Todd, of Wainut Hill, is visiting Miss Josephine Figner.

Mr. Lancaster and family, of North Carolina, has moved into the house occupied by the Rev. J. W. Mitchell.

Miss Lena Kass has returned to her home on Meadow Bridge Road after a visit to her aunt. Mrs. Coalter, of Newport News.

Miss Rose Satterfield has returned after a visit to realtives in Newport News.

The Barton Heights Methodist Sunday school will give its annual piente to Beach Park, West Point, Wednesday, July 23d.

Miss Ethel Scott will leave in a fewdays to visit relatives in Hinton, W. Va.

Mr. W. R. Brown has left for Spartanburg, S. C.

Mrs. T. K. Sands and son, Alex., of Ashland, are guests of her sister, Mrs. W. M. Luck,

Miss Mattle Bernard has left for Orange Courthouse.

Miss Grace Waiker, who has been visiting Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, has returned to Portsmouth.

Miss Chara Long Tas left for a visit to Miss Pattle Ligon, of Sabot Island.

Mrs. Hazel Tucker is quite sick at her home on Meadow Bride Road.

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Mr. Blennie Harris, who has been vis-

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iting his brother, Mr. J. E. Harris, of

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